

The Historie.

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and disdaind contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace coosen, say no more.

And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiting discontents
Ile reade you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to orewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, god-night, or linke, or swim,
Send danger from the East vnto the West.
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the blood more firs
To rou'e a lyon than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinkes it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honour from the pale fac'd moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without continuall ail her dignities,
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I crie you mercie.

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all;
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would saue his soule he shall not.

Ile

of Henry the

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my purpose
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay I will: thats flat:
He said he would not ransome Mo
For bad my tongue to speake of M
But I will find him when he lies a
And in his care ile hollow Mortim
Nay, ile haue a starling shal be taug
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue i
To keepe his anger still in motion

Wor. Heare you coosen a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnl
Saue how to gall and pinch this B
And that same sword and buckler
But that I thinke his father loues hi
And would be glad he met with s
I would haue him poisoned with a

Wor. Farewel kinsman, ile talke
When you are better temperd to a

Nor. Why what a waspe stung
Art thou? to breake into this wom
Tying thine care to no tounge but t

Hot. Way looke you, I am whipt
Netled and stung with pismires, w
Of this vile poliritian Bullingbrook
In Richards time, what do you cal
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucester
Twas where the mad-cap duke hi
His vncl Yorke, where I first bow
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bulle

North. At Barkly castle.

Why what a candy deale of curte
This fawning greyhound then di
Looke when his infant fortune car
And gentle Harry Percy, and kin